THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 16, 1808.

Extracts from M. Hue's recent Publication, entitled, "The Last Years of Louis XVI."*

HOW dreadful a night was the 6th of October, 1789! The closing hours of it spread its shades over the most horrible of sacrileges! Then began outrages of the blackest dye: At the breaking up of the nocturnal sitting, which the assembly had held, the conspirators repaired to the parish church of St. Louis. By twelve o'clock at night, the church, vestries, rooms, passages, and all the offices, were thronged with national guards, and people with pikes. In the church, for pastime, they lighted the tapers, and walked in mock procession; and, at times, orators, went up into the pulpit, and made horrible motions.

At five o'clock, the vicar‡ was applied to, to know if a mass could be performed, and he offered to celebrate it himself, on condition of having a guard to protect him. This was granted.

While preparing for the celebration of the mass, the vicar was requested to pray for the success of the project meditated; but he replied that, being fearful of criminal designs, at least, in some present, he could not, without impiety, comply with what was asked. "I will pray to God," added this respectable man, "to vouchsafe to grant to all, the grace necessary

* This gentleman was one of the officers of the unfortunate monarch's chambers, named by him, after August 10, 1792, to the honour of continuing with him and the royal family.

‡ This was M. Jacob. He confirmed to me the particulars I here relate, and told me that the seditious, forgetting for a moment their fury against the royal family, joined him in singing the Domine salvum, a prayer said daily for the king.

for them." This reply satisfied them, and the mass was heard with tolerable decency. When it was over, the conspirators shook hands, swore to be true to one another, and flew to carnage.

Scarcely did the dawn of day cast a dim light on the sacred residence of our kings, when a legion of brigands, men and women, led by deputies in women's clothes, broke into the palace, and in an instant crowded the terrace of the garden and the courts. Terrible howlings announced the banditti. They cried out—"The queen's head! down with the queen! Louis shall no longer be king. We will not have him. We want the duke of Orleans, he will give us bread."

Fish-women, furies, bellowed: "Where is this jade? Let us carry her, alive or dead. We will look you in the face, Marie Antoinette. You have danced for your own pleasure; you are now going to dance for our's. Let us cut her throat; let's cut off her head; let us eat her heart." One of these devils drawing a sickle from under her apron, there was a cry of, "That will do to dispatch her!

The horrible menaces and howlings of these wild beasts were mixed with shouts of—"Vive d'Orleans! Vive notre père d'Orleans!" Decency will not permit me to mention the obscenities that accompanied these infamous expressions. A price, then, had been set upon the heads of the royal family! The queen's was the first to have fallen. Towards her apartment the assassins rushed. It is said, that a deputy dared to point with his finger to the door. The sentry, M. Durepaire, one of the body guards, defended it; but assailed by a multitude, and covered with wounds, he was soon stretched upon the floor. Miomantre de Ste. Marie took his post, made a bar to the entrance of the bed-chamber with his musket, and, opening one of the folding doors, called, in a loud voice, "Save the queen!" At these words, he received several blows which felled him to the ground. The moment he was down, one of the wretches made the crowd stand back, and coolly measuring his distance, struck the guard so violent a blow, with the but-end of the musket, that the lock stuck in his head.* Some of the queen's women,‡ whom their attachment had kept all night with their august mistress, having hastily awaked her, her majesty hurried on a petticoat, threw a counterpane over her shoulders, and, by a passage of communication, escaped to the king's apartment. In the way, she heard these cries:—"She must be hanged; her throat must be cut." At the same instant, a gun and

* M. Miomandre de Ste. Marie lay senseless, and weltering in his blood. The banditti thought him dead, and left him, after robbing him. He afterwards recovered.

‡ Madame Thibaud and Madame Ogier.

and pistol were fired. The queen was hardly out of her chamber, when the door was forced in. The assassins, enraged at their disappointment, vented their fury in a thousand imprecations.

Trembling for his son's life, the king ran to his chamber, and carried him away in his arms.* In his way the light went out. "Take hold of my night-gown," said the king, calmly, to the woman who attended the dauphin. Having groped his way back to his apartment, he there found the queen, Madame Royale, monsieur, madame, Madame Elizabeth, and the marquis de Tourzel. Thus united, the royal family waited with less terror the fate which threatened them.

At the commencement of the attack, two young men of the body guards suffered themselves to be assassinated, rather than abandon their post.† Their bloody heads were carried about on pikes in triumph, and their bodies left on the parade to the fury of the populace. Several of the cannibals were seen rubbing their hands and face with the blood of their victims.

The chopper-off of heads, a man with a long beard, of a savage aspect, his arms naked up to the elbow, his eyes sparkling, his hand and clothes smeared with gore, was seen brandishing his axe, the instrument of his cruelties. This monster, whose name was Nicholas Jourdan, served the academy of painting and sculpture as a model. From his feats on this day, he was surnamed coupe-tête.‡

At night, the king and the royal family were taken back to their lodging under a strong guard. They always met with new insults. One night, as they were going through the garden of the convent, a young man, well dressed, went up to the queen, and, doubling his fist at her, said, "Infamous Antoinette, you wanted to bathe the Austrians in our blood; your

* The king, to get to the dauphin's apartments, and avoid being seen by the brigands, was obliged to go through a dark subterraneous passage.

† M. Deshuttes and M. Varicourt.

‡ In some accounts, this Nicholas Jourdan has been confounded with the author of the massacres at Avignon. They had no relation, but in barbarity and the mere name. In 1789, thousands of ruffians, coming from Marseilles and the coasts of Africa and Italy, spread themselves throughout the province. Sacrilege, rape, and murder, marked their way. At Avignon, headed by one Jourdan, they massacred many of the inhabitants, sparing neither age nor sex; broke open the prisons, killed the prisoners in cold blood, crowded the victims marked out for their fury into the town ice-house, put them to death by unheard-of tortures, mutilated them, cut them in pieces, and scrambled for the flesh. Never did the world exhibit a more horrible scene. The river within Avignon was coloured with human blood, and full of dead bodies.

head shall pay for it." The queen treated this atrocious speech with silent contempt.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Coxe's Sketch of the Empress Maria Theresa, the Heroine of the War of 1742.

MARIA THERESA had not completed her twenty-fourth year, when in virtue of the pragmatic sanction, she succeeded to all the dominions of the house of Austria. Her person was formed to wear a crown, and her mind to give lustre to her exalted dignity; she possessed a commanding figure, great beauty, animation, and sweetness of countenance, a pleasing tone of voice, fascinating manners; and united feminine grace with a strength of understanding, and an intrepidity above her sex. During her father's illness, the young princess was exposed to great danger, in consequence of her advanced pregnancy; but sufficiently recovered her spirits the day after his death, to give audience to the ministers of state, and to assume the government.

On surveying the deplorable state of affairs, the cause of Maria Theresa appeared wholly desperate: attacked by a formidable league, Vienna menaced with an instant siege, abandoned by all her allies, without treasure, without a sufficient army, without able ministers, she seemed to have no other alternative than to receive the law from her most inveterate enemies.

But this great princess now displayed a courage truly heroic, and assisted by the subsidies of Great Britain, and animated by the zeal of her Hungarian subjects, rose superior to the storm.

Soon after her accession she had conciliated the Hungarians, by reviving, with the exception of the thirty-first article, the celebrated decree of Andrew the Second, which had been abolished by Leopold; and at her coronation had received from her grateful subjects, the warmest demonstrations of loyalty and affection. Mr. Robinson who was an eye-witness of this ceremony, has well described the impression made on the surrounding multitude. "The coronation on the 25th was *leste*, magnificent, and well ordered. The queen was all charm; she rode gallantly up the Royal Mount*, and defied the four corners of the world with the drawn sabre, in a manner to shew she had no occasion for that weapon to conquer all who saw

* Near Presburgh is a barrow or tumulus, called the Royal Mount, which the new sovereign ascends on horseback, and waves a drawn sword towards the four cardinal points.

her.

her. The antiquated crown received new graces from her head, and the old tattered robe of St. Stephen became her as well as her own rich habit, if diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones can be called cloaths."

"Illam quicquid agit quoquo vestigia vertit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor."

An air of delicacy, occasioned by her recent confinement, increased the personal attractions of this beautiful princess; but when she sat down to dine in public, she appeared still more engaging without her crown; the heat of the weather, and the fatigues of the ceremony, diffused an animated glow over her countenance; while her beautiful hair flowed in ringlets over her shoulders and bosom. These attractions, and the firmness of her mind, kindled the zeal and enthusiasm of that brave and high-spirited people, and to them she turned as to her principal resource. The grey-headed politicians of the court of Vienna in vain urged, that the Hungarians, who, when Charles first proposed the pragmatic sanction, had declared they were accustomed to be governed by men, and would not consent to a female succession, would seize this opportunity of withdrawing from the Austrian domination. But Maria Theresa formed a different judgment, and her opinion was justified by the event. She felt that a people ardent for liberty, and distinguished by elevation of soul and energy of character, indignantly reject the mandates of a powerful despot, but would shed their blood in support of a defenceless queen, who, under the pressure of misfortune, appealed to them for succour.

Having summoned the states of the diet to the castle, she entered the hall, in which the members of the respective orders were promiscuously assembled, clad in deep mourning, and habited in the Hungarian dress, with the crown of St. Stephen on her head, and the scymetar at her side, both objects of high veneration to the natives, who are devoted to the memory of their ancient sovereigns. She traversed the apartment with a slow and majestic step, and ascended the tribune, from whence the sovereign is accustomed to harangue the states. After an awful silence of a few minutes, the chancellor detailed the distressed situation of their sovereign, and requested immediate assistance.

Maria Theresa then came forward, and addressed the deputies in Latin, a language in common use among the Hungarians, and in which, as if emulous of the spirit of ancient Rome, they preserved the deliberations of the diet and the records of the kingdom. "The disastrous situation of our affairs," she said, "has moved us to lay before our dear and faithful states of Hungary the recent invasion of Austria, the danger now impending

pending over this kingdom, and a proposal for the consideration of a remedy. The very existence of the kingdom of Hungary, of our own person, of our children, and our crown, are now at stake. Forsaken by all, we place our sole resource in the fidelity, arms, and long tried valour of the Hungarians; exhorting you, the states and orders, to deliberate without delay in this extreme danger, on the most effectual measures for the security of our person, of our children, and of our crown, and to carry them into immediate execution. In regard to ourself, the faithful states and orders of Hungary, shall experience our hearty co-operation in all things, which may promote the pristine happiness of this ancient kingdom, and the honour of the people."

The youth, beauty, and extreme distress of Maria Theresa, who was then pregnant, made an instantaneous impression on the whole assembly. All the deputies drew their sabres half out of the scabbard, and then throwing them back as far as the hilt, exclaimed, "We will consecrate our lives and arms; we will die for our king, Maria Theresa!" Affected with this effusion of zeal and loyalty, the queen, who had hitherto preserved a calm and dignified deportment, burst into tears of joy and gratitude; the members of the states, roused almost to frenzy by this proof of her sensibility, testified, by their gestures and acclamations, the most heartfelt admiration, and repairing to the diet, voted a liberal supply of men and money.

On the LOVE *of* FASHION.

[From Dr. COGAN's Ethical Treatise on the Passions.]

THE love of fashion is manifestly an adventitious, not a primary principle in our nature. In its excess it is a sickly perversion of the social principle. It is generated by an union of a fondness for novelty, with the love of imitation; and it partakes of the vices of each parent rather than of their virtues; possessing the fickleness of the former, and the servility of the latter. In its more moderate and legitimate influence, it may communicate occasional pleasure, by the introduction of an agreeable variety; but this variety, to be agreeable, must neither be violent nor rapid. It frequently calls forth the talents of various artists, and has thus afforded temporary advantages to thousands. But, enjoying arbitrary power, like every other tyrant, it is perpetually abusing it. By despising the guidance of reason and good sense, it retards the progress of elegance and taste, while its votaries persecute those for singularity who possess them. It is most inimical to permanent utility and permanent enjoyment; compelling us to relinquish

numerous advantages, when they are no longer in the mode. It entices persons of genius to direct their talents to some particular object; and when they have acquired skill, and address in their respective branches, and are rejoicing in the success of their labours, the fickleness of its nature leaves them in a state much more deplorable than that from which it had taken them. Nor can it provide support for a new class of the industrious, without involving those who lately administered to its caprices, in the depth of distress.

A Spaniard's Description of the English Rage for leaving Home, and going to Watering Places.

[From the Translation of DON ESPRIELLA'S Letters from England.]

THE English migrate as regularly as rooks. Home-sickness is a disease which has no existence in a certain state of civilization or of luxury, and instead of it these islanders are subject to periodical fits of what I shall beg to leave to call *oikophobia*, a disorder with which physicians are perfectly well acquainted, though it may not yet have been catalogued in the nomenclature of nosology.

In old times, that is to say, two generations ago, mineral springs were the only places of resort. Now the nereids have as many votaries as the naiads, and the tribes of wealth and fashion swarm down to the sea coast as punctually as the land crabs in the West Indies march the same way. These people, who have unquestionably the best houses of any in Europe, and more conveniencies about them to render home comfortable, crowd themselves into the narrow apartments and dark streets of a little country town, just at that time of the year when instinct seems to make us, like the lark, desirous of as much sky-room as possible. The price they pay for these lodgings is exorbitant; the more expensive the place, the more numerous are the visitors; for the pride of wealth is as ostentatious in this country as ever the pride of birth has been elsewhere. In their haunts, however, these visitors are capricious; they frequent a coast some seasons in succession, like herrings, and then desert it for some other, with as little apparent motive as the fish have for varying their track. It is fashion which influences them, not the beauty of the place, not the desirableness of the accommodations, not the convenience of the shore for their ostensible purpose, bathing. Wherever one of the queen bees of fashion alights, a whole swarm follow her. They go into the country for the sake of seeing company, not for retirement; and in all this there is more reason than you perhaps have yet imagined.

The

The fact is, that in these heretical countries parents have but one way of disposing of their daughters, and in that way it become less and less easy to dispose of them every year, because the modes of living become continually more expensive, the number of adventurers in every profession yearly increases, and of course every adventurer's chance of success is proportionably diminished. They who have daughters take them to these public places to look for husbands; and there is no indelicacy in this, because others who have no such motive for frequenting them go likewise, in consequence of the fashion, or of habits which they have acquired in their younger days. This is so general, that health has almost ceased to be the pretext. Physicians, indeed, still send those who have more complaints than they can cure, or so few that they can discover none, to some of the fashionable spas, which are supposed to be medicinal because they are nauseous; they still send the paralytic to find relief at Bath or to look for it, and the consumptive to die at the Hotwells: yet even to these places more persons go in quest of pleasure than of relief, and the parades and pump-rooms there exhibit something more like the dance of death than has ever perhaps been represented elsewhere in real life.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 35.

MR. EDITOR,

I Have just written an ode, addressed to a charming little boy; a copy of which I send you for insertion in the Letter-Box.

I.

Devoted from my earliest youth
To lisp the artless strains of truth;
To stray where virtue's charms entice,
And scorn the wretch that stoops to vice,
Think not, sweet boy, (if such thy pow'r
In childhood's unenlightened hour,
Ere reason's noontide blaze displays
The crowded path where folly strays)
Think not the muse's homage springs
From flattery—the food of kings.
No! never shall *my* muse impart
A thought repugnant to my heart,
But spurn the syren songs of mercenary art.

II.

Yet 'tis an arduous task I chuse,
More fit the painter than the muse;
For, when I view such charms as thine,
All similies, howe'er divine—
Tho' drawn from fancy's brightest dream,
Seem vapid, and disgrace my theme.
Who but admires that generous look?
That fairest page in nature's book!
Where e'en the dullest eye may trace
The transcript of a seraph's grace!
There dove-ey'd innocence appears,
A stranger to maturer years;
There joy serenely smiles, unsullied yet by tears.

III.

If to thy bard, all-bounteous Heaven,
One spark of prophecy has given,
A patriot champion shalt thou prove,
Devoted to thy country's love.
A foe to every venal art,
An Hampden's flame shall fire thy heart;
And valour on thy manly brow,
Bid her perennial laurels blow.
—And whilst domestic peace is thine,
Around thee shall the virtues shine;
A social train that love to stray
Where pure religion leads the way,
And hope, unclouded, sheds her soul-inspiring ray.

IV.

But long mayst thou, my beauteous boy,
The spring time of thy days enjoy!
For while simplicity prevails,
And careless pleasure fans thy sails,
More genuine bliss the bosom knows,
Than reason's summer e'er bestows.
For reason to the senses opes
A desart, void of youthful hopes;
Where dark reality pervades
The infant-mind's prismatic shades,—
Those rainbow shades that paint the skies,
Ere youth's elysian prospect flies—
Ere fate unnerves the limbs, or grief bedews the eyes.

V.

As man thy mirthful sport surveys
(Memento sweet of happier days!)

He thinks not that as years rolls by,
Still trivial baubles charm the eye.
Yes! man, with all his reason's boast,
Proves but a full-grown child at most.
Ambition's bubble lures him on,
'Till life's exulting prime is gone;
'Till age comes tottering at his door,
And hope's fair planet shines no more!
Then as on life's diminish'd stream
Truth sheds at last her evening beam,
He spring's from folly's couch, and trembles at his dream.

VI.

If such the sorrows that await
Poor mortal's sublunary state,
Thrice happy thou, while fondly press'd
In transport to a parent's breast.
Oh may *their* kindred virtues find
A rival in thy gen'rous mind!
And long may those lov'd cheeks disclose
The healthful bloom of beauty's rose,
Like morn's ethereal blush on Zembla's virgin snows.

X.

FROM OBADIAH PRIM.

FRIEND EDITOR,

Eugenio's reply to my request, about the petticoats, is verily a churlish one; and if by his signature of X he meaneth *cross*, inform him he hath chosen a letter mightily expressive of his disposition.

Thine, (and not *his*)

O. P.

EUGENIO TO ELLEN.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!" Such is the language of the world. Are we accused of a transgression—what is our reply? "Oh! *to-morrow* shall be otherwise! Repentance never comes too late." I grant it, Ellen; but when yon setting sun renews its morning glory—when the promised moment of reformation arrives, we shall no longer know it by the name of "to-morrow." Swift as the flight of time may be, our *resolution* lags not behind; but what becomes of our *performance?* Poor, vain, irresolute man! thou art a very prodigal in sin! and a miser in repentance. Mortal—frail mortal as thou art, fain wouldst thou cherish the hope of immortality. But *is* it so?

"Is

" Is death at distance? *No:* he has been on thee;
And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours, which lately smiled, where are they now?
Pallid to thought and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing; how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee;*
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust."

And here I shall conclude the shortest letter I ever wrote you; and for the best part of which you are indebted to Young. But you shall have a longer one soon! " *Soon!*" did I say? Alas! (sinner that I am,) whilst I ridicule, or lament the follies of others, I fall into the very error I have condemned! Why should I *defer* writing you more at length? Because, like the rest of the world, I must be auguring better things of " To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow."

X.

An Answer to Friend Prim.

DEAR OBY,

Your very laconic epistle has made me laugh immoderately. How could you so far forget your accustomed solemnity, as to pollute your paper with a *pun?* Oh, for shame—for shame! I should as soon expect to see my lord judge figuring away in a hornpipe. What would the world say of me, Oby, should I descend from my more *sublime cogitations,* to investigate the propriety or impropriety of the dimensions of a piece of *flannel!!* You might as well request me to write a eulogy on *fig-leaves!* But to have done with the matter altogether, let me assure you, that I by no means merit your invective of *crossness*; on the contrary, I am (excuse the loss of a *trumpeter!*) one of the best natured fellows in the world; and I defy you and all the world in league, to make *Eugenio cross;* and yet, out of compliment to *your* discernment, I'll even do so myself.

E
U
G-E-N
I
O.

AMERICAN JUDGE.

MR. HARRIOTT, in his book called " Struggles through Life," relates the following anecdote:

"We stopped at Judge Sterling's to refresh our horses. Hearing that he was first judge of the county, I doubted whether it was a tavern, until my fellow-traveller called for cider, which the judge readily drew for him. His appearance, in point of dress, was so singularly grotesque, in contrast to the dignity of his office, that I could not refrain minuting it down while he was waiting on his customers during the short stay we made. His hair was matted like a mop, and looked as if no comb had entered it for months past; he had on a ragged brown greasy jacket, the sleeves of which appeared to have been torn off; dirty canvas trowsers, no stockings, and very thick shoes, tied with leather thongs. In a breast button-hole of his jacket was a short tobacco-pipe, completely japanned with smoke; this last article was a constant appendage to every Dutch settler I met, as well as to Judge Sterling.

"A story was circulated of him, and told me afterwards by so many of the settlers in that part of the country, that I entertain no doubt of the truth. A poor fellow, from New England,* had passed that way several times in search of a settlement; and, stopping to dine and refresh himself at the judge's house on a Sunday, desired to know what he had to pay. His host made out the account for meat and drink as a tavern keeper, adding, as a magistrate, the small fine of six shillings for travelling on a Sunday without a pass. In vain poor Yanky pleaded poverty, and urged the constant frequenting of his house as he journeyed to and fro. The judge could not acquit his conscience without fining him. Entreaties being in vain, Yanky desired his honour to grant him a pass, or possibly the next magistrate might fine him again. To this there was no objection; but, not writing very distinct or readily himself, he told Yanky to write, and he would sign it. Yanky obeyed, and wrote an order for twenty-pounds on Sterling's merchant, a store-keeper, living a few miles on the road he had to travel, knowing him to be Sterling's banker, from messages he had formerly carried from the judge to the merchant. Sterling asked if he had taken care to make the pass strong enough; Yanky guessed it would do, and the judge signed it. But a few days after, his honour calling on the merchant, found to his cost he had signed a *pass* for twenty pounds, in lieu of a *pass* for his Sunday friend. In the first heat of passion, he exclaimed, "It is that d—d Yanky-pass;" which he explained to his banker, and this created a laugh at his worship's expence that will last his life."

* Called a Yanky, from Yankoo, a tribe of Indians formerly inhabiting New England.

The HONEST BRETON.

A Wealthy trader of Nantes, Plemer by name, a man of simple manners, somewhat blunt, with quick feelings, and much warmth of heart; in one word, *a true Breton*, came to Paris about his business, and took a lodging at a small hotel in a retired part of the city. He was a remarkable œconomist, yet by no means a miser. Never had he experienced, during any part of his life, any of those wants which vanity dictates.

As he returned one evening to his lodging, he met, upon the stairs, an elderly woman who was coming down in tears. "What is the matter with you, my good woman?" enquired he. She curtesied, but made no answer. "What ails you? Speak. Nobody weeps without some cause of sorrow." "Alas, Sir! in regard of sorrow, I have had my own share of it." "And what is the cause? are you in distress?" "No, Sir, I am not, thank God." "You are not? then it is the distress of another that afflicts you." "Ah, Sir! it is indeed." "And who is the person? come, explain yourself." As she persisted in her silence—"Open the door," said he, to his servant: "this woman provokes me; but I am resolved to make her speak. Come into my room, good woman; come, I say, we are by ourselves; come, 'sdeath! sit you down, and tell me speedily who you are; whence you come; and what is the cause of these tears." "Sir, my name is Dupré; I am a widow; and I earn my bread by waiting on sick persons; I now attend a young man who lodges in this house, whose health is undermined by lingering fever, and whom I find to be friendless." "Who is this young man?" "I do not know him." "Do the people of this house know him?" "I believe not. He fell sick here." "What is his name?" "Montalde." "Does he look like a decent man?"—"Yes, truly, Sir, and it is that which affects me. He is of so sweet and kind a temper; he is constantly lamenting the trouble he gives me. He never awakens in the night without being vexed with himself, and asking my pardon." "You sit up by him, then every night?"—"O, Sir, certainly; and how could I neglect him? he has not another friend but me in the universe." "Not even a physician?" "He will not suffer me to call in one. And yet he perceives that he is in a declining way: and I really imagine he is glad of it." While she uttered these words her tears increased. "Good woman," replied Plemer; "perhaps he may be in want?" "Hitherto, Sir, he has wanted for nothing; but he has just ordered me to sell his watch; it is all he has left: and we are indebted to our landlord for the last week's soups, and to the herborist for the herbs I have put into his diet-drink." "And your own pains, your care, your attendance?"—Alas, Sir! could I but save him, I

should consider myself as well paid." "Good woman! excellent woman! Here take this for yourself, and this for the soups, and other exigencies of the sick man. Let him suppose that his watch is sold, and hark ye, take care of it for him." "O, Sir!" "May I see him?" "He does not see any one, Sir." Go, and tell him that a neighbour of his, a stranger in this country, wishes to see him for a moment. "To-morrow, Sir, if you think proper." "Oh, no! the nights are long—I should not get rest. I wish to see him ere I go to my bed. I like to sleep undisturbed."

The good woman delivered Plemer's message, and came again to inform him, that she had obtained permission for him to enter the room with great difficulty.

He ascended to the third story; and as he entered the sick man's apartment—"Well, my good neighbour," said he, "you are not disposed to see your friends." "My friends! alas, Sir! were I but so happy as to have one in the world." "If what I hear said of you be the truth," said the Breton, "you deserve to have many friends." "Alas, Sir! I do not apprehend that I am even known to you." "Pardon me, I know you are a worthy man; and as for my own part, I am of no ceremony, and soon make an acquaintance with the unhappy. Good night, my good neighbour; I will not fatigue you longer at present. Sleep quietly; and dream that you have found a friend in Plemer, the merchant of Nantes. Adieu. You have a good nurse; if I should happen to fall sick myself, she shall be my nurse too."

Montalde could hardly believe what had just passed to be real: it seemed to him one of those kind of illusive dreams, which are sent for the consolation of the unhappy. He asked his nurse in what manner the stranger had learnt any thing about him. "He is your neighbour," said she; "go to sleep, and let me sleep too."

He slept but little, yet his sleep was composed and comfortable. In the morning his new friend came to see him. After enquiring how he had passed the night; "You will then have a physician?" said he. "I had two," replied the young man, "nature and time: and now I have a third." "And who is the third?"—"Friendship." "I hope then," said Plemer, "that you will follow his prescriptions. My good woman, take care of your sick charge; and let him want for nothing; his doctor orders it; he will return in the evening."

Montalde, after bestowing great praise upon the goodness of heart of the worthy Breton, asked his nurse if she had disposed of his watch; and if his little debts were discharged. The good woman, availing herself of her authority, replied, that one in his situation ought to be like a child, and give himself no concern about any thing. "Let it suffice," said

she, " that your debts are paid: compose yourself, and think only of your recovery."

The young man, fearful of offending her by shewing any uneasiness, no longer persisted in his enquiries. But at a moment when she thought he was asleep, he perceived her consulting the watch to know the hour. " Every thing is paid," said he, " and my watch is still here, and you conceal it from me. Ah! I unravel the mystery. You have disclosed more to my neighbour than you ought, and than I could have wished."

The nurse pretended not to hear him. But in the evening Plemer was made acquainted with the sick man's uneasiness. " I will cure him of it," said he; and sitting down near his bed-side, and making a few severe observations upon the folly and variety of Parisian luxury, and upon the miserable pride of opulence; " Young man," said he, " do you affix a great value to money?" " A great value? no, Sir," replied he. " Neither do I," answered the Breton. " And as I am not proud of possessing wealth, I am not pleased that my friend should be ashamed of wanting it, or of confessing his wants to me. Don't teaze this poor woman then any longer with your idle delicacy; I am not your friend for nothing." " Ah, Sir!" replied he, " I perceive it well; but how can I be sufficiently grateful?"—" Oh! nothing more easy; if ever you have it in your power to oblige me, I'll promise you that you shall return me a good office. You shall be fully gratified; if not, you must do without; and we shall not be the less quit. You would be inclined to do me good; and is not wishing to do so, in fact doing it? Grateful hearts have no debts of gratitude unpaid. The pain arising from an obligation is only excusable in an ungrateful disposition." " Certainly," said the sick man, " that is not my disposition, and I should abhor myself if I felt my heart oppressed by the weight of a benefaction. And I will confess to you that of all men you are the person from whom, could I make my choice, I would most willingly receive a favour. But still, Sir, I ought to be surprised, that from the first moment of our acquaintance"—Plemer interrupted him.—" Hear me," said he, " for a sick man should hear others speak, and speak but little himself. Suppose I was a Tartar, an Arab, an Hottentot, and finding a fellow-creature in misery, I hold out my hand to assist him, is it necessary he should ask me who I am, to have a right to assist him? Are we so far from a state of nature that a man cannot be a friend to another without he knows his name. As for you and myself, we are but little acquainted, yet we have a good opinion of each other. Let that idea satisfy us, and time will make us better acquainted. I, who read but little, have read in an old book, that in a certain country, I know not where, when a stranger came

into

into a house he was well received, he was conducted to the bath; was clothed if he stood in want of apparel; had a good supper and a good bed, and on the morrow, his host would ask his name, his country, his birth, and his adventures; and then if they suited each other, they would give their hands, and were afterwards friends for life; if not, it was good morning to you, and a good journey. The stranger was not the less benefited, and there was an end of the matter. What do you think of this kind of politeness? Well such is mine. Let me take care of you 'till you recover, and then we will come to an explanation. In the mean time compose yourself, and don't torment me with your difficulties. I have not laboured thirty years to acquire wealth, to be contradicted as to the manner in which I chuse to employ it."

"This is, truly," said the young man, "a new manner of reconciling people to receiving favours."

The following day, Plemer announced a physician to the sick man; he had just made an acquaintance with him by happening to dine together at the same table, and had already conceived a great esteem for him. "He ate," said he, "with an appetite that made me envy him, and he drank to the full as well. I asked him if his digestion was equal to his appetite?" "Yes," replied he, "without losing a mouthful." "If he ever was ill?" "No, never." "What was his recipe, and what his regimen?" "Exercise, and when necessary, low living and water." "What was his rule in medicine?" "To observe nature, to let her go on when she can without assistance, and when necessary to follow and help her." "I spake of your slow fever." "At his age a slow fever!" said he, "a disappointment in fortune or in love!" "This man is not a fool—I have brought him to you, and here he is." He came, and after examining the sick man, and conversing a few moments with him, answered for his recovery. "Sir," said he to the good Plemer, "this young man is indebted for his life to you, without you the stroke would have been mortal." The nurse went after him to give him his fee, and Plemer observed that he refused to take any: "No, no, Sir," said he, going up to him, "We are rich people here—there needs none of these ceremonies with us; keep that kindness for the poor."

"Now," said he to Montalde, "I am easy; you will from this time see me but seldom. I am going about my business, but don't part with your watch; a sick man, when he cannot sleep, may like to know how the hours pass away during the night." "The night equally with the day," said Montalde, "shall be the season of my gratitude." "Say rather that of your friendship."

(To be continued.)

RE-

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ADDRESS *to* SPRING.

COME gentle season! sweet enlivening spring!
And clothe the fields, and cause the birds to sing;
The shatter'd forest, and the barren mead,
With verdure bless, that flocks and herds may feed.

Dissolving snows in liquid torrents lost,
The furrow kindly loosen'd from the frost,
The ploughmen quickly urge their annual toil,
And sow, with pleasing hope, the spacious soil.

Hark how the bells, loud jingling, strike our ears,
The lusty team well pleas'd the music hears;
And tho' they toil, from morn 'till shade of night,
Life's drudgery passes on with new delight.

The genial sun his chearing beams displays,
While gentle show'rs accompany his rays;
Bid soon a beauteous prospect round us rise,
And with the charms of nature feast our eyes.

Hail lovely queen! inspiring mirth and glee,
What various trains of blessings wait on thee!
The clouds drop fatness in refreshing showers,
The hills and vales all smile, adorn'd with flowers.

Now spring's rich robe of green invests the earth,
The oxen graze, the lambs express their mirth;
The blooming scene inspires the jocund swain,
And rural music thrills along the plain.

The distant hills that did in winter mourn,
In lively hue confess fair spring's return;
While buds or blossoms on each bush appear,
And tell the coming glories of the year.

See where yon orchard shews its fragrant bloom,
Th' enchanting scene is beauty and perfume;
The blossoms bright in vaious tints we view,
Which do Britannia's wine in embryo shew.

Thine, lovely spring! is Flora's blushing train,
Which throng the dale, the meadow, and the plain;
Unnumber'd flowers adorn the prospect wide,
The hill's green top, the upland's verdant side.

The primrose meek and daisy rear their heads;
The yellow cowslip fragrant odour sheds:
Amid the hedge the open'd hawthorn glows,
In hues full white as frozen mountain snows.

Thine is the violet, clad in purple dress,
With breathing sweets too charming to express;
Thine is the rose, the darling of the year,
And thine the lily, to the garden dear.

Oh!

Oh! what a pleasing, grand, delightful scene!
In what a glowing robe is nature seen;
While flocks and herds along the laughing mead,
Well pleas'd upon the fattening herbage feed.

See how the bee soft humming loads his thigh,
And to the hive with balm will quickly hie,
While butterflies in different liveries shine.
And each proclaims its Maker is divine.

Now in the verdant grove's lone calm retreat,
The feather'd choir their grateful songs repeat;
The woodlark, bullfinch, thrush, and plaintive dove,
To list'ning echo sound the tale of love.

'Tis spring with music wakes her choir around,
And makes the wood, the brake, and plain resound;
The blackbird whistles his majestic notes;
The goldfinch, lark, and linnet, swell their throats.

Hail spring! thou beauty of the infant year,
While hills and plains thy rich embroid'ry wear;
Each tuneful bird, of variegated wing,
Shall make the woods, the glades, and vallies ring.

'Tis thine to hear the cuckoo's solo sound,
Thy welcome birth proclaiming far around;
'Tis thine to hear the herald of the morn
Tell to the world that day again is born.

All nature's bands in harmony unite,
To feast thine ear with rapture and delight;
By all, Oh lovely maid! thou art caress'd,
Each minstrel striving who shall please thee best.

Now let me from the noise of tumults roam,
And with them hail the queen of seasons come:
While day's bright ruler bids his fervours glow,
And with his splendour chears the world below.

And when dim night its sable reign resumes,
And Hesper beams, and Cynthia's face illumes,
Then let me trace the lonely dell along,
And hear the nightingale's melodious song.

Sweet songster! while dull silence bears his sway,
How dost thou charm the sullen hours away!
While thro' the sky the mighty planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole.

But soon, fair spring! must thou thy charms resign,
Thy matchless beauties soon must cease to shine;
For see! the jolly mowers come in view,
And haymakers their jocund toils renew.

Now scorch'd and wither'd by the solar ray,
The flow'ry tribes soon languish and decay;
And russet hay-cocks, grateful to the smell,
Along the crowded meadows rise and swell.

Now youthful frolic, jest, and rustic song,
Sweeten the labours of the rural throng;
Thy fading charms, Oh spring! they cease to mourn,
Well pleas'd to see the harvest months return.

South Petherton, April 26, 1808. S.